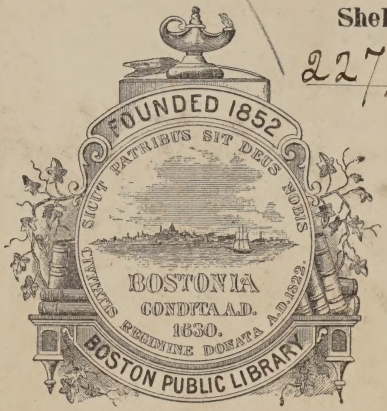
Shelf No
227.2 70



GIVEN BY

Mrs L. B. Dudley

Jan 21. 1897

A Gift to the
Boston Public Library
From the Author.

7/26.

Jan 14th 1897
Private Car "Dudley"
Madison Ave. & 46th St.
New York City.

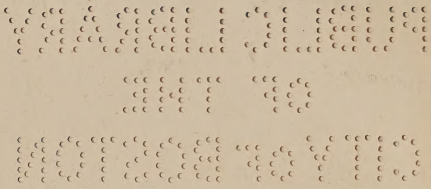
LETTERS TO RUTH

BY

MRS. LUCY BRONSON DUDLEY

Author of "Flowers of the Field," "Contribution to the Knowledge of the Termites." Translations from the German of Fritz Müller and the French of Edmond About, etc.

NEW YORK



Copyright, 1896,

by

LUCY B. DUDLEY.

Mrs. Lo. B. Dudley,

Jan. 21, 1897.

F. H. GILSON COMPANY

PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS

BOSTON, U. S. A

DEDICATION

TO

Mrs. Ruth L. Kanney-Bronson

FROM

Mrs. Lucy Bronson Dudley

December twelfth,

1811, 1815, 1871, 1896.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER ONE. — ENGLAND.

June 22 — On the Ocean, S.S. *Etruria* . . . 11
June 29 — Liverpool 12
June 29 — On Top of an Omnibus in London . . 14
June 30 — Vesper Service at Westminster Abbey . 15
July 1 — London 18
July 2 — London 21
July 2 — A Day at Kew Botanical Gardens . . 22
July 3 — A Day at Southampton 24
July 4 — A Day at Canterbury 26
July 5 — South Kensington Museum 28
July 6 — Covent Market Garden 30
July 6 — Queen Victoria's Garden Party . . . 31
July 7 — A Trip to Greenwich 34
July 7 — At the Town House of the Duke of Westminster 35
July 8 — A Day at the Crystal Palace . . . 37
July 9 — A Day at Crewe 39

CHAPTER TWO. — SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES, AND ENGLAND.

July 10 — Scotland 42
July 11 — Firth of Forth Bridge 44
July 12 — Belfast and Dublin 46
July 13 — Wales 49
July 14 — Chester 49
July 15 — A Day at Sheffield 51
July 16 — Carlisle 53
July 17 — Our Ancestral Castle 54
July 18 — The Home of Shakespeare . . . 55
July 19 — London 57

CHAPTER THREE. — BELGIUM, GERMANY, AND AUSTRIA.

July 19 — From London to Brussels 59
July 20 — Brussels 60
July 21 — Liège 63
July 22 — Seraing and Cologne 65
July 23 — The Steel Works of Krupp . . . 68
July 24 — Osnabruck 68
July 25 — Hanover 69
July 25 — The City of Berlin 70
July 26 — Dresden 72
July 27 — The Old and New City of Vienna . . 73
July 29 — Vienna to Venice over the Sömmering Pass 75

CHAPTER FOUR. — ITALY.

July 30 — The Unique City 78
July 31 — Rome Imperial 80
August 2 — Enchanting Pisa?! 85
August 3 — Marvelous Milan 87
August 3 — The Alps pierced 88

CHAPTER FIVE. — THE REPUBLIC OF SWITZERLAND.

August 4 — Lucerne and Brünig Pass . . . 91
August 6 — The Capital of Switzerland . . . 92
August 7 — Geneva 94

CHAPTER SIX. — FRANCE.

August 8 — The Schneider Steel Works . . . 95
August 9 — The Capital City of the Republic of France 97
August 10 — Paris 97
August 11 — Notre Dame 99
August 12 — Tour Eiffel 101
August 13 — The Louvre 104
August 14 — The Palais du Luxembourg . . 106
August 15 — The Extravagance of Louis XIV. . 109
August 16 — Paris to Havre 111
August 25 — New York City 112

INTRODUCTION.

These Letters were written by the author while traveling in Europe with her husband, a Delegate to the International Railway Congress which met in the Imperial Institute in London in July, 1895. After the meeting was adjourned, they made a tour on the continent, and the impressions are not now printed for the eye of the public, but for circulation among personal friends.

However, should copies of this work drift beyond that circle, it is hoped the reader who is fond of nature as well as travel, may find some pleasure in perusing the pages.

L. B. D.

No. 80 Pine St., New York.

My Dear Ruth,—

It has been my habit for so many years, to write and mail a letter to you every day, that it is easier to continue, even though you cannot receive them in the same way.

They are written about what I see and think in passing, on my first trip abroad. Another time it might all be different. I have not had a Baedeker or any other guidebook in my hand, so that all you read is personal, in my own language, and without the convenience of quotations.

The letters have been written for your pleasure, and with them you say you have traveled with me, sitting in comfort in your stone castle.

Mizpah,
Lucy.

New York, *June 7, 1896.*

LETTERS TO RUTH.

CHAPTER ONE.

England.

On the Ocean.

June 22, 1895.

The usual crowd on the dock to see the steamer sail away; tables loaded with fruit and flowers; the bell rings, the guests leave, and the passengers leave also. Liberty — the islands, the bridge, and finally the land disappear; and the night comes, the stars shine, Antares peeps through my port hole, and the ship steams through the weary waste of waters. Many enjoy it all, and others do not. One woman who had left her family, was so seasick that she could not even worry about them — whatever that performance may be. There was service on Sunday, the usual concert through the week, until at last the steamer stopped at Queenstown in the night, and some passengers alighted, and delicious strawberries and fresh butter were on the table in the morning.

Liverpool.

June 29, 1895.

We arrived in Liverpool, after a sail on a sparkling sea from Queenstown. Those who drank champagne compared the ocean to that, and others spoke of Apollinaris. Passengers emerged from their chrysalis state and arrayed themselves in fine apparel, and one had to look twice to recognize the neighbors of a week. Lighthouses and buoys came and went. Hedges and hills were seen in the distance, and thoroughly appreciated.

The landing at Liverpool was at a stage, for the first time, and nearly all walked gladly down into a barn-like station; and instantly there appeared banners, books, placards, and hat-bands, saying who and what they were, and many of them were busy.

The luggage was lettered alphabetically, and we all swore we had no spirits, cigars, or perfumery; and then took the train for London, ordered in a lunch basket, and began our first ride in England. And what a garden of verdure, bloom, thrift, and finish it is — the land cultivated even to the tracks; the hedges green, with some of the privet in bloom. The trees were small, and all showed the northwest wind.

Buttercups, foxglove, daisies, and elder were in full bloom. The old stone houses were often white-washed and looked very quaint. The sun set red and glowing, and then followed the long and strange twilight, lasting until ten o'clock — so different from the coming up and going down of the sun in the tropics at about six o'clock, with no hesitation, or what we call twilight.

The manufacturing towns through which we passed seemed to provide good houses, and nearly all looked thrifty. The streets were clean, and the English elm and sycamore outlined many of them in the distance. The moon was cut in half, straight up and down, as an English moon should be. The Scorpion trailed its length in the south, Antares sparkled, and Venus shone in the west. After the six days' sea trip, I thought it very good, and leaned out of our first class compartment to enjoy the beauty of the scene. At one of the stations I bought some strawberries; and the boy who sold them to me thought I must have studied the English language very hard, to speak it so well, when my home was in New York. We reached London at midnight, and the unpleasant experiences of the sea were forgotten in the first good, quiet, and dreamless sleep of a week.

On Top of an Omnibus in London.

We started for any place, and found many of them. The majority of the houses in London are three and four stories, and the bricks are dark colored. It impresses one as a city of homes. We passed Hyde Park, Green Park; and the house of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, with its swell front, suggested some of those on Beacon St. in Boston. Ducal palaces look old and exclusive, as they are. Buckingham Palace, the town residence of the Queen, has its hot-houses, stables, and in its private grounds the central arch through which she only can ride. She is housed like a queen of the termites; her swarm of subjects feed, clothe, and take care of her, and the children receive the same treatment from other nations of the earth.

The parks are all in their prime; oaks, sycamores, and elms are common, but maples are rare, and also horse-chestnuts. Laburnums and elders were in bloom, and the American woodbine climbed luxuriously over many houses. Window gardening is common and tasteful — red flowers and light foliage on one, lobelia and pink pelargoniums on another, and others with a variety. We rode past the Bank of England,

Trafalgar Square, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral; crossed London Bridge; saw the Tower and new Tower Bridge; rode out to Holloway; passed churches, many of them in yards gay with flowers, hospitals of all kinds, with this legend, "Supported by voluntary contributions;" crossed canals, notably the Regent; and passed many small parks. Every thing and person looked thrifty and contented, and I could not realize the destitution about which we read.

Vesper Service at Westminster Abbey.

June 30, 1895.

The weather is pleasant, temperature about 70° Fahr. We went early, and were seated so near the pulpit that I could touch it. The altar was trimmed with white flowers — Third Sunday after Trinity — and these words were around it, "The knowledge of the kingdom of this world is the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." The Abbey was full of people seated, and many stood during the service and sermon. The choristers do not come in singing a processional, and the evening service is read,

the people repeating after each sentence. The psalter and chants are sung so well and so easily, that it is as rapid as talking. The organist played the airs, first with one hand and foot, then with the other, and with different stops, so that the effect was pleasing and expectant.

The lessons were read in such a manner that it seemed to me that I heard for the first time the story of Samuel being called, and his running to Eli. It is a great gift to be such a reader, for one must be able to feel to express so much.

The sermon by Canon Wilberforce was excellent; and so far away from theology, on the road to humanity, that the former seemed of no consequence at all, even as a ground work. The text was from Malachi, first chapter, sixth verse, — the substance being that man is the honor of God. The first startling sentence was that man was the son of God. Compare that with the doctrine of hell being paved with infants, etc.; and as he said, "man was either driven to infidelity or insanity. Through all ages there has been one idea of the Supreme. The ancients had Zeus, Thor, Jupiter, and others. From this dim instinct, we have come

now to the radiant certainty of being the sons of God. His care of us was educated, and circumstances are his second causes. We owe recognition to our Father in every act of our lives, and then they are progressive, ascending, and aspiring."

"The universal soul of man is the differentiated soul in man. Old conceptions are crumbling away, and an idea of eternal strength is around. The greatest strides are made by enthusiasts, who should be like those of a Hindoo legend, where the humanity of one was such that he burst out of Heaven to win souls that might be lost, if he remained at ease in glory."

"Then the first lesson was alluded to in the sermon by hearing the voice. Samuel had to be called three times before he knew that it was the Lord who had called to him. When we are called we should say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

"That was illustrated by the grub of the dragon fly, inactive, closed, and dull. But when its bonds were burst it swept into the sunlight, with bright wings, and alive to all of the influences of sun and air. Love is creation's final law."

"Speak to us, Lord,
At break of day,
At noonday,
And in our
Listening ear
At shades of night." etc.

The anthem and prayers came after the sermon; and the organist played while the large audience dispersed, though many lingered to look at the memorials and beauties of this national monument.

The grass around the Abbey is full of low white daisies; and with St. Margaret's Chapel, it is a most attractive place.

From here we went to St. Paul's Cathedral — just as interesting, but entirely different. The dome gives a feeling of height, and the apostles and prophets look down upon the struggling humanity in a figurative way.

London.

July 1, 1895.

I took a ride past Hyde Park and other notable places, to the Imperial Institute, where the International Railway Congress was in session; and then went into the Kensington Museum, where the rooms of the Indian, Persian, Japan-

ese and Chinese exhibits are in large quantities and well arranged. Some of the rugs, notably a sacred one, were rich and large. Those heathen, as we consider them, are never afraid or ashamed to fall upon their knees or faces at prayer time, wherever they may be. Fancy any of our business men in offices, or on the street, kneeling down at stated times, like the Angelus, or call to prayer from a steeple of a mosque or church. And yet we profess and call ourselves Christians.

The biological, chemical, and economical sections in the museum were interesting and instructive, and even those who could only walk along could learn much.

From here it is only a short distance to the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, on the route en roi. This is very gay and elaborate; but the building of Memorial Hall is large and useful. It now began to rain suddenly, as it seems to do here, and I took an omnibus and rode along the Piccadilly and Strand to St. Paul's Cathedral, and then back to the Bank, and alighted as the sun was shining. After a cup of tea, with rolls and strawberries, I went to the British Museum, which is of Grecian

architecture and black with age, but full of everything under the sun, and of course from all countries, — arrow heads, pottery, china, glass, statuary, illuminated books, armor, lace, tapestries, etc., and a room for readers. The time and money it must have taken to collect and arrange and vouch for all these exhibits is appalling in thought, when life is so short. It must be enthusiasm, or a desire to leave a name that inspires so much labor.

The ride along Oxford St, Mary le bone, etc., was very pleasant. Old churches appear, always with the name so that those who ride by can read. Large and small parks with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and seats where nurses can sit while the children play, are passed; and even though I know there is no place like the United States of America, no flag like the stars and stripes, yet England is a garden, and London a desirable city. It was our mother, who tried to spank us in the last century; but the new version had even then commenced, for parents to obey their children, and she did not succeed. I do not see any statues of any of the generals who fought against us in the war of the Revolution, for as you are a member of the Daughters of the

American Revolution on one side, and I am a charter member on the other, I looked for them; but there are many of those who were victorious over other nations, notably Nelson, Havelock, and Wellington.

London.

July 2, 1895.

I took my first ride on the underground, or *depressed* as it is physically and mentally; and for all things desirable in a ride it is not to be compared to our elevated railroads.

I alighted at South Kensington, and then took a carriage, which carried me past a house in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park entrance, said to have been sold for fifty thousand pounds. That gives an idea of the value of property in that vicinity. I alighted at the National Gallery of Paintings, and saw the large collection of ancients and moderns, from all countries.

The artists of the Christian era are under as much obligation to the life of Christ as the poets are to the flowers. His sacred body and holy character are represented in every stage of his life, and every recorded act. This is a tribute to Christianity, in many instances unintentional.

Two notable historical paintings are impressed upon my memory — King James hearing the news of the landing of William of Orange, and the kneeling of the family of Darius before Alexander.

The pictures of Turner suggested to me the line of the "few lurid mornings," and it seems strange that Ruskin was so impressed with them.

It is curious that nature, to be properly presented, must be painted or engraved as it is not. The long sweep of limb and tail, which gives the impression of action in a horse, for instance, has never been seen in an actual instantaneous photograph. Art can only show nature as it seems, and not as it is.

A Day at Kew Botanical Gardens.

July 2, 1895.

At London Bridge I took a boat on the Thames for Kew, and there is much to see in an easy trip. We passed the Obelisk, Houses of Parliament, Somerset House, and an ideal view of St. Paul's Cathedral. The stone wall and bridges are fine examples of engineering work. The Victoria is the most attractive. Large

hotels are being built, and the whole view is varied and interesting. We changed boats at Chelsea and went under Putney Bridge, and after landing walked into the gardens, as into a paradise of foliage and bloom.

The walks and trees, the shrubs and flowers, so many in full bloom — the orchids, the cacti, the ferns, palms, and bananas,— I had seen these in their native air and humidity of the tropics, where the heat glowed, and their branches waved, and the heavy fragrance was like another world. The water lilies, the largest Victoria Regia, were not in full bloom but here and there. The old palace by the lake stood, though its inmates had long ago passed out of its portals forever.

Fancy all the trees and shrubs and walks and flowers that ever you have seen, that are beautiful, and you can name them the Kew Botanical Gardens.

Beside these, there was a room devoted to wood specimens, violin cases, chairs, tables and carvings, baskets and cross sections, to show the grain and capabilities of the forests.

I came back to London by train, and at first had a compartment alone. It looked like an om-

nibus, and the window in the door raised and lowered as in a carriage. For a few stations I had five schoolboys, and they put out their heads and yelled as they rode along, presumably just for fun. After they left, two Salvation Army women came in, one young and delicate, and the other not. Curiously enough, at the next station, two Sisters of Charity entered; and these different sorts of theology sat opposite each other, without a glance of recognition; and yet they were devoting their lives to humanity, according to their light.

A Day in Southhampton.

July 3, 1895.

We took the special train at Waterloo station, across the bridge of that name, and passed through gardens and villages. The elm trees are tall and bushy at the top, with short branches along the trunk. Fields of barley, oats, and hops are green, and there is no doubt but what the beer crop is assured. Poppies, cornflowers, pinks, bluebells, buttercups, foxgloves, are in full bloom in the fields and along the railroad embankment. As the train was special, we did not stop until we reached

Southampton, where we went on board the little steamer *Columbia*. The sail along the Solent was delightful, views of fine residences, lawns, and large trees, follow each other; and we passed a large hospital. Quite to our delight, we saw *our* cruiser *Columbia* on her way back from the opening of the Kiel canal, and the band graciously played Yankee Doodle, and the flags saluted. To add even to this international scene, we met the steamship *St. Louis* on her second voyage, and I asked the band to play either "Hail, Columbia," or the "Star Spangled Banner," and they played both, while flags saluted, handkerchiefs waved, and heads were uncovered.

Our route was passed Cowes, where the races and regattas will be lively and exciting in a few days.

The grounds around Osborne castle slope to the water, and the large gray stone building, with its two towers, is in plain view as we sail along; and we did not wonder that it was one of the favorite homes of Queen Victoria.

Upon landing, we visited the largest Graving dock in the world, just completed, and ready to be formally opened by the Prince of Wales.

The gentlemen in charge gave us its history and statistics, and the directors feel a pardonable pride in its successful and rapid construction.

We were entertained at dinner, the presiding official, in good old fashion, saying grace, "For what we are about to receive, thank God." After dinner speeches were in several languages from the different delegates; and though the words were not all understood, the courtesy and mental gifts were appreciated. I would go quite out of my way to kick the Tower of Babel for interfering so much with the free intercourse of congenial minds.

A Day at Canterbury.

July 4, 1895.

We left Victoria station and rode through the County of Kent where arms were granted in 1604 to my sixth great grandfather, Sir William Southmayd. There were large trees, principally elm, oak, poplar, linden, horse-chestnuts, and but few evergreens. The white sheep and Alderney cows must have enjoyed their rich pasture. On this road there are three tunnels, one of them near the Crystal Palace. We passed through Rochester. The large ruined castle on

a hill is near the cathedral. In this section there are thatched cottages and several small and old looking churches.

Everything of that kind, however, sinks into insignificance by the side of the cathedral at Canterbury — so large, so rich, so venerable, so historical, so beautiful, so quaint, so well repaired as to choir and altar, so ruinous in pillars and cloisters, so full of monuments, and so bright in stained glass. I shall never see a more impressive building, made immortal by Becket's murder, if in no other way.

By the greatest good fortune, we entered the choir as the processional came in for the vesper service; and the boys and men sung the chants and psalter — one of them being the Twenty-Third Psalm — in a very tuneful manner. The prayers for the Queen and Royal family came after the anthem; and then they all walked slowly down the aisle and wound around to the robing room, while the organ played softly and melodiously. A most lovely and restful scene, a charming place. And yet to live there would seem to be stifling to the progress that we should make in these years of invention and science. What has been in the past is a useful experience,

but life now is more active. On our way back, we had a lunch basket come into our compartment; and for the benefit of those who read this, it contained roast chicken, boiled ham, lettuce, bread and rolls, cheese, and a bottle of claret. It never seems to dawn upon any one here that there is anything to drink except something spirituous, only at five o'clock tea.

South Kensington Museum.

July 5, 1895.

This is a large and elegant stone building with a yard and shrubbery, free to the public; and canes and umbrellas do not have to be checked.

The first attraction is a seated statue of Charles Darwin, with his overhanging forehead full of brains, that have turned over many of the old opinions, and started new and open fields of research.

The specimens of quartz were of all colors. The illustrations of the coal measures clearly defined sigillaria, stigmaria, etc. Large blocks of meteoric iron showed that it was possible for that to have been used by Tubal Cain. The casts and skeletons of great whales and saurian

reptiles were numerous, and also the bones and skeletons of prehistoric man.

The botanical section had fine specimens of cross sections of woods, colored plates and descriptions, and herbariums for students.

The birds and their nests and surroundings made a beautiful exhibit, and the eggs were in drawers which could be opened and examined by any one.

The Lepidoptera were all beautiful, and their life history was exhibited. In a room by themselves there were monkeys and apes of all sizes, colors, and kinds — some of them looking disagreeably like mankind.

The different rooms are well filled with visitors, and teachers brought their pupils. Little boys and girls came together and behaved well in this building which gives them all such a great opportunity to study natural history. On our way home, we went into Hyde Park, at the height of the society parade; and it was gay and bright with horses, carriages, and elegantly attired women and their attendants.

Covent Market Garden.

July 6, 1895.

This is so far the only place open early in the morning, and it is full and lively; meats and vegetables enough for the great city,— no one ought to go hungry. The flowers are now at their height of bloom in fields and greenhouses, and there were wagon loads of solid masses of stocks, daisies, lilies, ferns, etc., besides branches of trees, bundles of grasses, bouquets of mignonette, coleus, and all the standards in the greatest profusion.

From here I went to the historical Tower, situated down, as so many of the buildings are, instead of on an elevation, as would have seemed more imposing. This grim, gray building stands on the Thames, surrounded by a yard and fence, and looks as if even now it was full of sighs, groans, and tears. One room contains seven headless prisoners, and it is a welcome thought, that the day has passed when people can be imprisoned for opinion, or to change a line of descent.

Queen Victoria's Garden Party.

Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales evidently see the importance of the railroads; for the latter opened the sessions of the International Congress, and the former invited the delegates to Windsor Castle.

The day was warm and pleasant, July sixth, and we went by special train. We entered the grounds and walked upon the north terrace, overlooking the plains below, with the river, upon which the boat clubs were exercising. The side hill was covered with large trees and shrubbery, and the view was enchanting.

We walked into the State Apartments, full of history, furniture, and paintings. The Waterloo room is where the Queen listens to her ordered concerts and operas. The throne room had the chair of carved ivory. I do not know if the stone about which I have read was in the seat or not. The Reubens' room was covered with his pictures, and the frescoes were fine; and in one room the walls were hung with red figured silk.

St. George's Chapel was open for vesper service, and the choir sings very well, and one boy had a tuneful solo. The Memorial Chapel of the

Prince Consort and Dukes of Albany and Clarence adjoined. Statues were on the two first, and the walls were covered with bas reliefs, and there were windows of descriptive stained glass.

We went into the Orangery, where delicious refreshments were served on tables with bouquets, by attentive waiters,—sandwiches, cakes, grapes, gooseberries, strawberries, cherry ice, orangeade, lemonade, claret cup, tea and coffee.

The east terrace is most beautiful with flower beds and a fine view. A statue of a little dog belonging to Queen Victoria had its name Dacko carved on the base, and the date of its birth and death. In the garden below were two bands that played alternately; and out of courtesy to the nationalities of the members of the Congress, all their national airs were played. Every one remarked that it was a charming scene, with the expectant pleasure of a view of the Queen. She had invited them and provided this entertainment, in acknowledgment of the railroad men, who had helped to increase commerce and make all the world neighbors.

Therefore, these accidents of brains stood with uncovered heads before the accidents of birth,

that came to them in carriages. The gentlemen in charge were evidently titled officers. They wore scarlet coats with the ridiculously short skirt, and silk hats. The outriders were well mounted, and preceded by a little boy on horseback. The horse entered so lively into the occasion that he was banished.

As soon as the carriage with the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Princess Beatrice stopped, two men rushed to the bridles and held the horses. The Prince of Wales dismounted; and as the delegates were presented to him by name, he shook hands cordially and introduced them to the Queen, who bowed graciously. She was plainly gowned in black, with pearl colored kids, and held a black parasol with white border. She is a good looking, elderly woman, with no trace of physical suffering. The Princess Beatrice, who seems to be the Queen's right hand man, so to speak, was gaily gowned. Her face is long, and she has a pleasant smile, and bowed courteously to the hundreds who were standing and gazing with delighted eyes and thankful hearts for all of this entertainment.

After the presentations, the carriage drove along slowly, and the guests dispersed. In try-

ing to pass a closed gate, to go to the railroad station, the keeper asked us to wait until the Queen had driven out of sight. "There she goes, God bless her," said he, with genuine feeling.

The Prince of Wales is a fine looking gentleman, with graceful carriage and a dignified manner. His special train was in the station, and he walked from his carriage on a red carpet that had his feathers for a figure, raising his hat and bowing in response to all who were waiting for their special train.

A Trip to Greenwich.

July 7, 1895.

We took a boat at Waterloo Bridge, and passed Somerset House, the Obelisk, and had several fine views of St. Paul's dome. We passed the Tower, and then under the Tower Bridge, the last one towards the sea. The draw raises up, and the foot way is high. The wharves look all the years that have passed. Near the landing at Greenwich are the Royal Naval College and Hospital. The park has trees, but no flower beds; and sheep run around. The observatory is of brick, and on a hill one hundred and fifty-four feet above tide water at the

Thames, and one hundred and fifty-five feet above Liverpool. We set our watches by the Greenwich clock and came back by train on the old King Cross road, until we struck the new road.

At the Town House of the Duke of Westminster.

July 7, 1895.

The appreciation of the importance of this Railway Congress was shown by the invitations which the members received. As these letters are my own experience, I only write what I attended, and hope to read about what others saw. The palace of the Duke of Westminster is near Hyde Park. It is buff colored, of brick, about three stories high, and with many pillars. The hall is square; and in that we were handed catalogues, and No. 1. picture commenced in the large dining room to the left, as we entered. This could be made cosy by screens. The walls were hung with fine examples of Reubens, Cuyp, Rembrandt, etc. The floor is inlaid, and had a large rug. The chairs were leather covered, and around the tables and stands were small glass bowls with a single flower — mostly roses — of all their colors. I noticed this decoration; for

when I was in Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, I would take the pretty shells of Echinus, and place them around my table in the large sitting room, and in the holes provided by nature put in a single flower, — sometimes oleanders, lemon and orange blossoms, jasmine, convolvulus, and the brilliant heliconia.

From the dining room we entered the salon, which had a view of the garden, with large trees, conventional flower beds, and fountains. The furniture was covered with cretonne, and on the mantel was a clock that had the pendulum of diamonds or brilliants moving around the dial. In this room were Reuben's many Madonnas and Holy Families.

The drawing room adjoined, the wood work of mahogany, with gilt moulding; the floor was inlaid and covered with rugs. The flowers in the vases were very large carnations, and on a table was a portrait of the late Emperor Frederick, presented to the Duke by the Empress. One of Gainsborough's pictures was hung here in a good light — a lad clad in blue. The catalogue said it was painted to show that the blue color could be artistically used, and the picture was noticeably attractive. There were many home scenes, landscapes, and cattle.

The private theatre was furnished in red, and had a stage with footlights, and would easily seat a hundred persons. Even here there were works of art; and it seems better in a private house to have the paintings so distributed, instead of being in a gallery, although the light cannot always be as good. In the corridor were genre pictures, suggesting the phases of life and orientalism seen in the Midway during the Columbian Exposition. Lastly, in the ante drawing room, was a life size portait of the Duchess of Westminster, painted by Millais. She is a beautiful woman, robed in black lace, against a background of oak color, which gave the portrait prominence.

We walked from there to the marble arch in Hyde Park, through the throng, and then rode to our hotel.

A Day at the Crystal Palace.

July 8, 1895.

We left London from the Victoria Station by special train, and entered the Palace of Glass as guests of the city. It is full of curiosities of all kinds — live and dead — parrots, plants, statuary, refreshments, things to sell, rooms of different architecture, notably Egyptian and

Pompeian. There was an outdoor concert by a band, and afterward an indoor organ recital. Many people, and evidently inmates of institutions, were enjoying the curiosities and beauties of the place. The view was extensive, houses, trees, and meadows were seen in the distance. In the foreground were fountains, flower beds, and walks.

The dinner given to the delegates in the palace was very good, and attended by over a thousand persons. During the repast the band played; and among the pieces were national airs, which were cheered firstly by those who recognized them, and then by all the rest, as a matter of courtesy. After attending to the drinking of the health of the Queen and Prince of Wales, speeches were made by the different delegates — the waiters using this time to pass tumblers to collect money from those they had been hired to attend.

We then adjourned to seats, prepared under cover in the second story for us, to see the fireworks, which had been advertised for the occasion. They were all brilliant, and crowds of people in the grounds enjoyed their exceptional beauty. The set pieces of Stephenson with a

train, the colored words that "England greeted the International Railway Congress," with the Rocket and a modern locomotive, were elaborate, expressive, and brilliant, cheered and appreciated by all. There was also a comical little affair of a man shoeing a horse, pounding the hot iron, while the animal moved his head and tail. The exhibition closed by illuminating all of the fountains in a most brilliant way; and the entertainment was ended by landing all in London, by the light of a full, red looking moon.

A Day at Crewe.

July 9, 1895.

We left Euston Square Station at 7.15, and had a two seated first class compartment to ourselves. We passed through Rugby; and along the route were castles, cathedrals, and some very small stone churches, only large enough to seat an ordinary family.

The crops of hay, oats, and barley look well, and also the vegetables. The roadside is brilliant with clovers, linaria, epilobium, foxglove, daisies, and pinks. The large elms, with some evergreens, birches, horse-chestnuts, and elder

in bloom, were in rows usually, though some were in clumps. The hedges were green, and the view as attractive as possible. A canal wound its way along; the boats are narrow, and seemed to be loaded with coal. We arrived at Crewe about 11 A.M, and took a carriage for the office of the L. and N. W. Ry., to visit their steel works. This is the only road that makes its own rails and rolling stock.

The mills were in excellent order; the floors of stone, and presumably swept every day. Their converters hold about six tons, and they blow about twenty minutes; then the molten metal flows into the ladle, and from that is distributed to the iron ingot moulds. These are reheated, and rolled into their ninety pound sixty foot rails, taking eighteen passes — five in the blooming, and the rest in the shaping and finishing. We walked through the works and saw the rails for turn tables, tires for wheels, and also their manner of hot riveting their boilers. They have a reading room and library, and their workmen looked thrifty and contented.

We went to the station on their special engine, and at Rugby had a lunch basket come into our compartment. A boy walked along the

platform with a tray of teacups; and I took one and left it in the car, to return with the lunch basket. We reached Euston Station about seven o'clock, perfectly right, for Greenwich announced that the sun would rise to-day at 3.55, and set at 8.44. The days are very long here, and the temperature is about 80°.

CHAPTER TWO.

Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England.

July 10, 1895.

Great Northern, North Eastern, and North British Railways. The East Coast Express Route, between England and Scotland. Special Train for Members of the International Railway Congress.

This announcement is on the handsome souvenir books prepared for the guests, and thoroughly appreciated by them. We left Kings Cross Station at 9.55, and rode through an historical part of this country. The day was pleasant; and wild flowers were in full bloom, and in great profusion. There were lunch and fruit provided, and the trip was royal, a suitable adjective in England. We passed ruins and cathedrals, and at York we could see the castle and noted cathedral and the old stone wall. Here we were entertained at luncheon under a large marquee, near the station. As it had probably been announced, people had assembled to see us pass, and we were evidently objects of interest to them. The delegates from all nations were fine looking; and with the address which a good education gives, they made a favorable impression.

After leaving Newcastle, the scenery changed,

and we had some hills and views of the sea. The same thrift continued, and the farms were in perfect order. The cottages were of stone, and very small, but with a comfortable appearance. The sheep and cattle were all in good condition. Women work in the fields, and the children pick out weeds among the potatoes. The pink heather was in bloom, and in some places there were forests with a profusion of royal ferns. We arrived in Edinburgh about 6 P.M., and had dinner in the hotel at the foot of Nelson's Monument. After that we took a carriage, and drove around about five miles. So far in our travels, it is the most attractive place.

Many of the houses are of stone, and very picturesque and handsome, with yards and trees, among them a large auracaria. We saw a game of ball on the ground, being played by elderly men. Arthur's Seat is always conspicuous, and so is Scott's Monument. Prince St. is a striking thoroughfare, with the shops on one side, and the towering crag and historic palace with walls on the other side. At nine o'clock it was so light I could see to read without artificial light.

Firth of Forth Bridge.

July 11, 1895.

The next morning we took a carriage, and drove past Holyrood, the Castle, and saw many of the places Walter Scott has immortalized, even the church on the hillside, the last place visited and seen by those who went to sea. The houses once occupied by the nobility are now inhabited by the slums. The house of John Knox projects aggressively in the street; and his grave is pointed out, as is also the stone heart of Jennie Dean, and the three stones where public hangings occurred. An agreeable sight in contrast to these is the library building, presented by a Scotch-American, "to give light to all."

At breakfast, in the hotel, there was a party personally conducted, of all ages and both sexes, so well pleased that they gave a vote of thanks to the landlord. He was flying the American flag, and there is no finer sight in all the world; and it seemed good to hear these people using the English language, as it is generally among the educated people in the United States. There are two kinds of ordinary folks in the British Isles, of whom one may ask incidentally any questions. The answer is either, "I dunno," or not understood.

While waiting at the station in Edinburgh, we saw the women who sell the fish caught by their husbands. They walked almost in a procession, with full baskets of all kinds of fish on their backs, and leather bands across their foreheads; and their burden was such, that they had to lean forward at an angle of about twenty degrees. They looked contented, and talked and laughed with each other. I was told that the young ladies in this social state were not considered eligible for marriage, until they could carry a full basket of fish. What a desideratum a husband must be under those circumstances!

We left the city by special train, for the Firth of Forth Bridge. The gentlemen walked over; the ladies remained in the train, and stopped at the other side, then walked down to a boat; and all rode under the great bridge, to see its strength and beauty. It is the largest one of the kind in the world, and an honor to its engineers and the workmen. We returned to Edinburgh, a city of itself in its peculiar beauty and history; and one of the residents told me it had two special industries — "whiskey and education."

The ride from Edinburgh to Glasgow is pleas-

ant, as seen from car windows ; and some of it is celebrated in verse, especially around Ayr.

Glasgow has a substantial look ; and from here we took another train for Stranraer, to cross to Ireland. This channel was rough, and the poor third class passengers must have been drenched by rain and waves. The sun sunk into the ocean about 8.30 ; dark at 9.55. The landing is at Larne, and the train is ready for Belfast.

Belfast and Dublin.

July 12, 1895.

Our first night in Ireland was quiet. The room had a high post bedstead and a valance, an article I had not seen since my grandmother's day. The next morning, the memorable twelfth of July, was lively. We rode first to the Botanical Gardens, which have beautiful flower beds. The trees and shrubs are not labeled ; and it is more like a park, and evidently so considered by the people, for it is a thoroughfare. We passed a Presbyterian college and church, a Methodist church, and a Moravian. This suggested Bethlehem, Penn., so much, that I wrote a post card to that place — the American head-

quarters of that missionary theology. We passed paper mills and numerous linen stores.

The streets were filling fast with people; and in a way, it was a sort of "Fourth" on the twelfth of July. There were processions, bands, flags, and thousands of people, nearly all wearing a touch of orange color, and all orderly and enthusiastic. We took a jaunting car to ride to the station, and liked it. Upon asking the driver how much it would be, he replied, "we wont quarrel;" leaving the pay to our judgment or generosity. We left Belfast on a special train, and had a pleasant ride to Dublin. We passed acres of bleaching grounds; and could see why Irish linen was so desirable, being whitened in the sunshine, instead of by chemicals.

At Dublin we were all entertained at lunch by the railroad, and were graciously received by ladies in handsome gowns. The ride from here to Cork was a revelation, and I can see why so many Irish have transplanted themselves and all their people to the United States. The soil is poor, some grass and peat beds, very few potatoes, not much grain, a few cows and sheep. The huts of stone and mud — they cannot be called houses by any stretch of language — were

so low, that it looked as if an ordinary man could only stand upright in the center. One door, and two or three windows, were all that allowed ingress or light. I do not see how they have lived here, from my standpoint of America, its good farm houses, rich soil, vegetables, and fruits.

So far in our travels, I have not seen an apple, pear, peach, or plum orchard. There have been many cherry trees, and strawberries are large and delicious. And I have not seen schoolhouses, here and there, as we ride along, in comparison to those we have every few miles at home, on any railroad in the northern and western and middle states. We passed Blarney Castle, but did not stop to kiss the stone. It does not seem necessary to do that any more.

We had five o'clock tea at a railroad station; and the delegates issued from their compartments, and talked together, as well as the unpleasantness of the Tower of Babel allowed. It was a delightful and refreshing courtesy, on the part of the officials of the railroads. We reached Cork in due time; and I am writing this at nine o'clock, by daylight.

Wales.

July 13, 1895.

The rest of the party left the next morning for a coaching trip in Killarney, and pass Sunday at the lakes; but we returned to Dublin, and crossed to Holyhead. The ride from there to Chester is entrancing, Welsh crags and hills on one side, excellent sea beaches on the other, with many little wagons for the convenience of bathers. The ruins are numerous, one where the first Prince of Wales was born, and another by the side of the railway; and a large bridge near it was so constructed as to harmonize with it — an instructive sight — bringing together the centuries that were far apart. We also passed a bridge built by Stephenson, and saw rolling mills, blast furnaces in full heat, and coal being mined. Handsome houses, and rows of good homes for working men, made up a varied and attractive ride.

Chester.

July 14, 1895.

At Chester we seem to live in the past, though the present is always in evidence. We went to morning service in the Church of St. John the Baptist, which is rebuilt or restored

among its ruins. The architecture is pure Norman, and it was originally built in the seventh century. The stone pillars were five feet in diameter. The service was choral, and the sermon good. Afterwards we walked in Grosvenor Park, where there were beautiful holly trees and flower beds, and a fine statue of a duke of Westminster, whose estate is near, and who had been a benefactor to the town. While hunting for city walls, we went into the yard around the Bishop's palace; and a young man kindly escorted us to a stairway. The Bishop has flowers, vegetables, pear trees, and a very large house. We ascended the long stairway, and were on the walls of this old city of Chester. It is strange to think in these peaceful days, of the times when places had to be surrounded by thick stone walls for protection; and what a unique sidewalk they make.

We went to the cathedral for vesper service, and it is a very ancient looking place. The choir is beautiful; and the choristers sing with the same ease and absence of effort as they do in Windsor Castle, at Canterbury, and Westminster Abbey, The lessons are so well read, that the story of Saul and David seemed new.

The English clergy are excellent readers of the Bible. The offertory was taken up in small flat bags, by six of the choristers. The anthem was sung before the prayers for the Queen and Royal family, and the choristers do not sing in the processional and recessional. The clergy walked through the cloisters to their rooms, in a reverent manner.

To-day the thermometer is 56°, and the winds blow like November. The auracaria, called "monkey's puzzle," grows in its prime in the yards; and the names of many of the villas are on the gate posts.

A memorable day in this walled town; at the two services I had attended, the same lessons were read to you in the Bronson Memorial Church, in the Western Reserve of Ohio.

A Day at Sheffield.

July 15, 1895.

We left the old town of Chester, and went to Manchester and then to Sheffield. We rode through long tunnels, and these are so many and so well built, that they are obstacles in the way of enlargement of cars and locomotives.

We passed green hedges, flowers and trees, and the Manchester ship canal, but saw no ruins. The town is smoky with manufactures, and we visited the Cammell Steel Works.

The first thing was a lunch with seven of the officials of the company, all educated, agreeable, and fine looking gentlemen. The dining room was in their large office building; and the menu had an enormous roast of beef, vegetables, and dessert. The table favors were Sheffield pocket knives — desirable souvenirs — and the usual penny asked for payment.

After lunch, we made a tour of their celebrated works; and although it was "St. Monday," we saw them making armor plate, files of all kinds, commercial steel, springs, locomotives and car wheels, crank shafts for vessels, screws for propellers and general marine work, and Sheffield trade.

I desire again to thank the gentlemen who entertained us so graciously, and shall be glad to see them in our car, whenever any of them visit the United States.

Carlisle.

July 16, 1895.

We came to Carlisle election day from Sheffield, through the usual beautiful and pastoral scenery. Hypericum, spireæ, foxgloves, Canterbury bells, and heather adorned the sides of the railway track. We went to Workington, to the steel mills, and saw eight converters at work, and sixty-foot rails rolled, and all the machinery and men that such work requires. At lunch, the presiding official, Mr. Duffield, who was reared in the Dudley mines, which undermine the Dudley Castle, said, "to think that we are entertaining Mr. P. H. Dudley, the engineer who has worked such a revolution in the form and composition for steel rails," and he added, "you are not an old man either."

From here we went to Penrith, and there changed to a corridor train, a rude imitation of our elegant vestibule trains, with a dining car attached, that was primitive in furnishings and service. These railroad companies are limited in their cars, in breadth and height, by their tunnels; and they probably will never enjoy the luxury, even if they wished, of our long, wide, high, and elegantly appointed cars.

We rode past Keswick, and saw Southey's grave and some of the English lakes which are romantic and restful in their appearance, and finally stopped at the town of Dudley, to stay over night, as a matter of sentiment, and chose the Dudley Arms Hotel. In our room was a high four-post bedstead, with a valance and canopy; and the wax candle was in a tall brass candlestick. In front of the grate was a brass fender, and on the dressing table an old swing mirror.

Our Ancestral Castle.

July 17, 1895.

The next morning we went into the Dudley grounds, and saw the statue of the Earl, given by his townsmen for his kindness to them. We ascended the hill to the castle, and went through three arches, one of them oval, and the other two gothic. We went up fifty-eight steps in the tower of the keep, and had an extended view of the coal mines and furnaces, and the land out of which these Dudleys have had fortunes.

The chapel window was gothic, and the house windows were in a bay with eight lights.

There were huge fireplaces and large rooms. The ground staircase was entirely in ruins. All the rooms below, for the servants, were dark, and with protection from foes. The winding staircase to the sleeping rooms was in a tower. The enclosed space, by these large buildings of very thick walls, was probably used for exercise and tournaments. It was a stupendous building for a family, and grand in its ruin. We took a cup of tea in the cottage of the keeper; and among the pictures on the walls of his little parlor was a portrait of Garfield, — a coincidence, — for Mr. Dudley attended Hiram College when the General was president of it. This castle was built about the year 700, and its ruins are among the oldest in England.

The Home of Shakespeare.

July 18, 1895.

From here we went to Stratford on Avon, where all good Americans go; and it is said that their patronage aids materially to support the town. We took a carriage to the shrine; and as I rang the bell, an elderly gentleman opened the door. It seemed only proper to

say, how do you do, Mr. Shakespeare? He asked if we wished to go through the house, for which we paid and took receipts for souvenirs; and the guide escorted us, explaining in a sing song voice the rooms, their use and restoration. We went into the museum, and from the windows could see into the yard, where grow and bloom the flowers that Shakespeare had written about in his plays. It would have added much to have heard descendants sing of the lark he had harked.

The town is very clean, the drinking fountain and clock, given by an American, in a central place and useful. We lunched at the Inn, Irving has made immortal; but I fancy it has changed since his day. The house of Harvard is also a place of interest, and is a link between Cambridge, Mass., and Stratford. We rode from here to London, passing by Oxford, with its historical colleges, and Windsor Castle, in all its grandeur and history; and thought of the enchanting garden party given by the Queen and Prince of Wales, to the delegates of the Railway Congress; and reached London in full daylight, at half past eight.

The English people who make a tour of the

United States, feel competent to give their opinions, and that is well. Travelers abroad always have some ideas that are prominent. England seems to have been built on pennies, for they are asked for at every turn. Guards who open car doors expect, and probably always receive some; and the performances about pennies in railroad stations and public places are ridiculous and sometimes annoying.

The common run of people do not seem as bright as that class at home. As we rode through the country, I could see whole fields of poppies, hardly a crop of wheat, oats, or barley without them. It occurred to me, that the amount of ground poppy seed in all their bread and beer might be enough to make them dull and stupid. The business men are alert, and acknowledge the ability of their American cousins, with a pride in their relationship.

London.

July 19, 1895.

The conveniences for traveling in London are many; the few street cars, the many busses, hansoms, and carriages, and lastly the depressed, for nothing can be more dark and

forlorn and depressing than the underground railway. It goes around the city, and connects with all the trunk lines; and of course is a great convenience, depressing as it is. The ticket seller never asks, but takes it for granted that you will go third class; and that must be the usual custom. During our trips, we usually had first class compartments to ourselves. Refreshment and waiting rooms at stations are also classified. Their cars are like omnibusses, side by side, and the doors open conveniently upon the platforms. The windows in the doors shove up and down, like those in a carriage. Our universal car conveniences are here the exception, instead of the rule. The coaches are small, low, and narrow. The track is laid with opposite and suspended joints, and you can count each one. Accidents, however, are few; their trains make good time, and the people are satisfied. But their trains do not compare with ours, in size, or luxury of chairs, sleepers, buffet, dining and toilet rooms, and general conveniences.

In the busy crossings of the city streets, there are small stone ovals with central columns, called "refuges," a necessary oasis for pedestrians.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Belgium, Germany and Austria.

From London to Brussels.

July 19, 1895.

We left London at 10 A. M., and rode through the beautiful country, passing fine estates — among them Chiselhurst, a former residence of an ex-empress. We took the Calais boat at Dover, and had a good view of the old castle on the chalk cliffs.

The passage of an hour and a half was said to be very good, and yet nearly all were sick. At Calais we struck the French language and nothing else, as a means for communicating and receiving ideas; also the custom house, where we declared we had nothing to declare.

The cars are like those in England, and as usual we had a first class compartment to ourselves; except between two stations, a lady and gentleman rode with us. That was nothing special to record; but when she left, she bowed to us — a degree in manners I never met before, especially as we had not spoken a word. As a rule, I have found foreigners more willing to converse than American tourists.

We rode along through ground, every foot of which was cultivated. Potatoes, so free from weeds, and in such full bloom, they looked ornamental. Barley, wheat, and beans, with gardens of onions, lettuce, and peas, were in perfect condition. Rows and double rows of willow and poplar trees trimmed high, so that the shade might not interfere with the growth of the crops. The only divisions were hedges. Wind mills were frequent, and the landscape had a quaint appearance. Women worked in the fields. The houses were very small, but seemed comfortable. These views chased each other from Calais to the beautiful city of Brussels, where we stopped, our first night on the continent, and among a people of another language.

Brussels.

July 20, 1895.

We took a carriage and went to the Botanical Gardens, an excellent place for students, and beautiful grounds for pedestrians. There are first, second, third, and fourth quarters for the botanist; and the plants are all labelled, and the beds in families, or vice versa. There is also a hothouse for palms and tropical plants.

We passed the palace of the King, a large, three story, but unpretentious house, with extensive grounds and trees, conventional flower beds, and statuary.

Mr. Dudley having an appointment with the Chief Engineer of the railroads, which in Belgium are under the control of the government, we went to that department of the public works, and rung the bell, which opened the door. As we entered the hall, a young man drew a curtain from a small opening in the hall, and asked us in French our wishes. Upon hearing, and seeing the visiting cards, we were well directed and escorted, and at the office we were offered a glass of wine and some cake by Monsieur Louis de Busschere, the Chief Engineer of the Belgian Railways. He showed us in Dr. Haarman's "History of the Permanent Way in All Countries the illustration of P. H. Dudley's section of five inch, eighty pound, broad head steel rail, designed in 1883, put into service in 1884, by the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R."

This was the first five inch steel rail in service in the United States and the invention of its broad, thin, and well supported head is becoming the model type of the entire railway world for the Vignole section.

It was this form, and high carbon composition that have permitted the introduction and continuance of the "Empire State Express" in 1891, "the fastest, long distance train in the world."

After this pleasant interview we passed the elegant Palais of Justice, and the public buildings with domes have a more imposing appearance than other styles of architecture.

The Cathedral here is grand; and had not only an attractive interior, but an agreeable odor. The pulpit is of carved wood, representing the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. The serpent and animals, such as squirrels, parrots, and pigeons, were also carved. Over the whole was a virgin and child; the former with a spear stuck into the head of the serpent, as recorded in Scripture, "thou shalt bruise his head," etc. The stained glass is brilliant, notably the Last Judgment, between the two parts of the organ. I met here some tourists, diligently studying a guidebook, but not seeing anything; for they did not know which was nave or transept or choir, and of course unable to locate the special objects.

We left Brussels for Liège at 5 P.M.; and

the ride continued through intensely cultivated lands, which we could see, until we reached our destination at seven o'clock. So far at the hotels there is some one to speak English, as well as we speak French, and no annoyance from the difference in language.

Liège.

July 21, 1895.

Sunday in Liège, we attended the morning service in the Cathedral; which was different from any I ever saw before, except in Panama. There came in several companies of soldiers with red coats and guns. They kept on their hats during the entire service. Their generals and colonels were in full uniform; and the soldiers shouldered arms and ordered arms many times, presumably upon the arrival of some one of note. Then came several men with gowns and hoods denoting college degrees, notably one with an ermine collar, and another of black velvet. The candles were lighted on the altar, and a cardinal with three bishops entered together. The former had his train held up by one priest, and another one took his hat. They all bowed

to each other in the most polite manner, almost like forming for a quadrille. The Te Deum was sung and played very well, the solo singers having sweet voices. The audience stood during the entire service; then all went out in regular order, as they had entered. The pulpit has marble statuary, life size; and the stained glass is beautiful.

One might almost think that the cathedrals would be too much alike for separate description; but they are not similar, only that they take all the good adjectives known in languages to express their grandeur; and then ear hath not heard how magnificent they really are.

Liège is an old manufacturing town. To-day the streets are full of musical societies, trying for prizes; and the Marsellaise has been played many times by many bands. The shops are open, and the town is lively, even though there are frequent showers. French is generally spoken, though it is said that the common people talk Flemish; and that may account for all notices in the railroad stations being in the two languages. There were four prizes given, and a German band took the first. It was a lively night, and the rain did not interfere.

The most unhappy objects or subjects I have seen in Belgium are the dogs; for here they are beasts of burden, and draw carts, and look overworked. If they only knew how to emigrate to America, they would start at once.

Some of the street sweepers here are women; and I noted that their brooms were made of little withs, upon the handles of which they leaned and visited with each other, just as the men cleaners do in our cities.

At the hotel we were each given a lighted candle by the concierge; and as we marched to our room, I felt like a choir boy in a processional.

Seraing and Cologne.

July 22, 1895.

We took an early train for Seraing, to visit the Cockerell Steel Works, which cover many acres of ground, and employ hundreds of men. They use both the Bessemer process for rails, and the Basic for dephosphorizing the steel. It being St. Monday, as it is called, not all the works were in full blast; but they can make anything desired in the steel line. The ores they use come from Belgium, France, and Spain, and they mine their own coal.

On our return to Liège, we passed in our carriage the musical societies; and the four who had won prizes carried banners, so that those who rode could see. In their exuberance of delight, they lifted their hats in passing to us; and we returned their bows with pleasure.

From Liège to Cologne the country is pleasant. The railroad passes through highly cultivated farms, manufactories, and well built towns. At Herbesthal, we went into Germany and had to go up the hill like the King of France, and have our bags pawed over, and then march down again to our compartment. I wonder if anything was found dutiable among the gowns and shirts, collars and cuffs, etc. What nonsense it is for travelers; and what an annoyance it would be to go through that performance, when passing from one state to another at home.

The roadside was gay with campanula, golden rod, the ever present poppies; and in one place were rows of fruit trees, some of them red with Siberian crab apples. I have wondered, with these thrifty people, that they did not have more fruit trees; possibly the seasons are not suitable.

We reached Cologne about four o'clock, and

found the language had changed; and we were now, to all intents, Dutchmen. Our hotel was so near the Cathedral that we heard its bells ring long enough to wish they would stop. The interior is rich in stained glass, and the exterior in statuary. About all these, volumes have and can be written, and yet the imagination must help description. The houses in the best streets are fine, the parks laid out with conventional flower beds; and some of the vines were trained in festoons, the effect being attractive and novel.

In all of these places there are traditions and legends enough to take all ones time, and of no account only to that kind of a specialist. I heard some ladies from the United States, or Americans, as we are called, say that the next time they came over, they would do the unusual. Therefore, as we are doing that and the other, I leave tradition and minute descriptions to guide-books and guides with their sing-song stories.

I enjoy asking the people questions that I do not expect them to answer; to see them begin to shrug their shoulders, and draw their heads into a cavity, like a turtle, almost out of sight. Their anatomy must certainly be different from ours.

The Steel Works of Krupp.

July 23, 1895.

We left Cologne early, and the ride to Essen was through cultivated land. If ever wild flowers make me wild, it is while riding in a car; because it is then impossible to stop, and the glimpses of them, their variety and luxuriance, are really exasperating. Blue bells, pink heather, spirea, hypericum, trefoil, etc., bloom profusely. A guard at one of the stations, upon seeing my desire, clutched hands full, and handed in to me. For the first time we saw fields of buckwheat, and the white pines and oaks are larger than usual.

Essen is an old town with narrow streets; and there are large steel works, which provide for hundreds of workmen. The original Krupp house is still standing among the mills, where guns are made. The name signifies chimnies.

At all prominent stations the station master is in evidence, clothed in full authority, a red cap and red tape.

Osnabruck.

July 24, 1895.

We reached Osnabruck in the evening, and from my window in the hotel there is a view of

a large cathedral. Mr Dudley visited the steel works; and in the afternoon the Director General sent his carriage, and we rode to their blast furnaces. Some of the ride was through a forest.

At the *table d'hote* was an officer in the German army. As he entered the dining room he bowed, and also to those each side of him, and lastly upon leaving the room.

July 25, 1895,

We left Osnabruck early, and rode along these well tilled fields, where only old men, women, and children are seen, doing farm work. The imperial government takes the men away from their homes and lands, and they pass their days and strength in evolutions against a possible enemy, instead of taking care of their families. When their army time expires, they must return to their homes, out of touch with them. The Emperor, who owes his power merely to being born, may feel proud of his soldiers, their size and discipline and erect bearing. But the Empress, who owes her position to marriage, would not feel proud, if she rode through her dominions, and saw the women and children doing the work that should be done by men. It is often

necessary to look twice, to see if the scarecrows in the fields of grain are born or made. Dogs and cows are beasts of burden, hitched to carts, and driven by women. We read of the divine right of kings; but there is in the minds of all men, a sense of the divine right of justice.

The forests all show official care, and the trees are of all sizes and species, white birch, pine, firs, etc. The Elbe is discovered in places, by seeing white sails coming up from ostensible meadows; then the water will flash for a moment, as the train speeds along.

At Hanover the "Restauration" served hot boullion. Such a good idea ought to be recorded. The little girls on the steps of their homes are seen knitting in their peculiar way. We changed cars into a through train from Cologne, with extra fare for the seats, and reached Berlin about six o'clock.

The City of Berlin.

July 25, 1895.

After dinner at our hotel, we walked and rode, and found seemingly the whole town out doors. Every possible place where a table and chairs could be, people were drinking, and perhaps

eating, and this German habit is entirely different from ours. Berlin is a beautiful city, clean, and with a thriving appearance. I shall never forget my disappointment at the sight of "Unter den Linden." My imagination from reading had raised the trees to the height and size of our largest lindens, and the palaces were all there. Instead of this, the trees are mostly sycamore, quite small, and would never be noticed if they were not noted. The Arch of Triumph is fine; and the Thiergarten is so thick in places, that it would not be possible for some people to walk.

The monument to Luther is imposing; and he stands before the people, much more alive to-day than when he was here. The statue of an angel had an appearance in the rear as if he or she had on a basque and petticoat. In all the hotels now we have down quilts, and they are comfortable. The soldiers wear their caps on the tops of their heads. The elevated and city road is so connected with the main lines, as to be convenient for railroads and the people.

From Berlin to Dresden the track was very rough and tiresome, even though the first class carriage was well upholstered. The scenery was tame; the ground well tilled.

Dresden.

July 26, 1895.

We stayed over night at Dresden, the city fortunate in having Raphael's Sistine Madonna, which is not placed as the artist or its creator would have it. Originally it was in the apse of the church; and with the light over it, looked to the people in front as if the saints were showing to them the Saviour coming from the clouds above, with suggestions of cherubim and seraphim.

At the hotel in Dresden the ornamentation was entirely of a hunting character. A stuffed bear held cards in his paws, hat racks were of stacked guns, antlers were over the doors, and it was all rich and unique. The dining room had palms and plants arranged in a pyramid and lighted by electricity, and the effect was pleasing.

The ride along the Elbe was a surprise, for on the stony crags and heights were old castles, fortifications and walls. The natural advantages had been used when possible, but thousands of men, years and material had contributed to their formation. They stood so high that they could be seen for miles.

After we descended to the valley, the fields lay as far as we could see like colored ribbons and checker boards, with yellow and green grains and poppy beds. The latter may be cultivated for Codeia. Women, dogs, and cows seem to be beasts of burden, and horses are rarely seen. I have not seen a single schoolhouse through any of the countries, as we have them at home, with the addition now of the stars and stripes, an idea both patriotic and poetical.

They have here castles and history, so do we; ruins and tradition, we have those also. We have more general education and desire for progress, and the keenness to seize upon everything advanced. The railroads do not compare with ours; the cars are low, compartments small, and they pound along on their single axles, over their opposite joints, in a noisy and tiresome manner.

The Old and New City of Vienna.

July 27, 1895.

We reached Vienna in the evening, and rode to the hotel. We were requested to walk down stairs, and only use the lift to ascend. The next morning we went to the Fine Art Gallery, an

elegant building, and richly ornamented, both outside and inside. The walls and pillars of colored marbles, with paintings by celebrated artists, and countless objects of interest, make it notable; especially the room devoted to armor for men, children and horses, some showing dents and bruises of service. The museum is opposite, with a large fountain between.

The cathedral was open, and a clergyman preaching; while people were walking, some kneeling before shrines, and others sitting in the choir. Mass had evidently just been finished. We took a ride around the Ringstrasse, which called for three changes of street cars in Austrian Dutch; and it meant so much work that it was tiresome, but gave a glow of satisfaction when completed. Afterwards we took a carriage, and drove out to the exposition grounds of 1873. There were drives, walks, trees, beer gardens, and some of the buildings, remaining.

The public palaces, colleges, and opera houses are all elegant, and the new part of the town is as handsome as any of the continental cities. The Botanical Garden seems to be only a park, with trees trimmed for hedges, and

flower beds, fountains, and seats, and is attractive, but not a place for study or identification of specimens.

Vienna to Venice over the Sömmering Pass.

July 29, 1895.

We took an early train, and rode through a farming country, where there were occasional fields of corn. The woman question in regard to labor is settled in this country; for I saw them tamping the track, laying stone wall, hoeing, binding sheaves, and carrying heavy burdens on their backs.

There seem to be international sets of trees and plants, and the temperate zone species are universal. Some of them, however, in places, are so trimmed, that one could think they would not know to which family they belonged. The cities all have their peculiarities, and there is no danger of even a rapid traveler getting them mixed in recollection. In place of schoolhouses, there are shrines; hardly a landscape without one.

The Sömmering Pass over the Austrian Alps gave the opportunity to civil engineers; and the railroad wound around, rose and fell through,

up, and down those mountains, like a ribbon. What bridges of substantial build, what tunnels, what grades and curves, what trees and views, what hath man wrought over these Alps. The air and day were delightful, and the whole pass of twenty-five miles was inspiring.

The women at the stations had Alpine flowers and curios to sell, and also mountain strawberries. They also had the same thrifty habit of placing the best berries on the top, that I have seen in the new world.

The starry clematis, the traveler's joy, clambered over shrubs and trees; the pines filled the air with their fragrance; and the ride and day are memorable. At the meeting of the states of Austria and Italy, affairs changed at once. German ceased to be spoken. Italian officials and names appeared. Baggage was examined; and an officer even came into the first class compartment, where I was sitting, turned my pockets inside out, and the cushions upside down, to see if I was smuggling cigars and whiskey. Not being engaged in that delectable business, the search did not annoy me.

Very soon we were among the Italian Alps, composed of limestone, standing white as snow

in the moonlight, and against the dark blue sky. We went through tunnels and over arches, and along occasional streams, with hardly any other trees but the Lombardy poplars. The fields were well cultivated, and some of the grape vines were in full fruit.

The uniform of the Italian soldiers is the most becoming of any we have seen, and there are always two or more at every station. Time tables are not given to travelers, but have to be purchased. As a rule the railway stations in all the countries through which we have passed, are large, commodious, and substantially built of brick or stone and solid woods, with subways of enameled bricks, usually white. We always seem to go up or down some steps to reach the platforms to take the trains. The locomotives do not at all have the imposing appearance and simplicity of construction of our American type of passenger engines. In some stations I could see little turn tables and transfers for single cars to any desired track, entirely different from the drilling practice for our large cars.

CHAPTER FOUR.

Italy.

The Unique City.

July 30, 1895.

We reached Venice about midnight, and took a gondola to our hotel, as if it had been our daily habit. But how strange it was — the gliding of the boat, the lapping of the water, the peculiar yell of the gondolier. Since morning we have been on the heights, in the afternoon in the valley, and now in the water. Curiously enough, our hotel was on one of the principal streets, as much as three feet wide; and people were passing noisily all the time.

Venice is so different from any other city, and it has been described so much and so well, and with all the adjectives possible, that I was surprised. The water is clear, but not clean. The lion of St. Mark is small, and perched up on a shaft, which is no place for an animal of that kind, unless he was doing penance.

The highly ornamented Cathedral of St. Mark is most beautiful and wonderful, when you know that all the pictures are mosaics, and different from any other. The square is surrounded

by shops, and the pigeons are numerous and hungry. The palace and prison are still united by that fearful bridge, over which good and strong men must have walked, with their hearts way down in their heels. How cruel mankind has been, and how selfish. History shows the inhumanity of jealousy and the irony of fate, and time is making these palaces into ruins.

The ride on the grand canal was interesting from its novelty. From the Rialto we passed in gondolas, a family moving, the old plaster of a house, a washerwoman taking her laundry, a butcher delivering his wares, young ladies in visiting attire, evidently making calls, a gentleman in his own property, with gondoliers in livery, and all the wants of a city attended to by these long steel pointed boats. We passed lace works, glass manufactories, carpet and rug weavings, and other sorts of business; and it all seemed unreal, because it was so unusual.

We left Venice in a sleeping car, which is a sort of parody or satire on the American plan. The scenery was tame, until we struck some more limestone mountains, the Appenines, one of which was very white and prominent. The natives seem to hang up their clothes to dry on the ground. The night ride was quiet.

Rome Imperial.

July 31, 1895.

My first view of Rome was St. Peter's dome, in the early morning light. I noted a new tree, which proved to be a narrow leaf Eucalyptus, with a loose bark. This has been of great economical value in Rome in marshy places, and also for its agreeable odor. We saw grain threshing with a primitive steam affair. The sun was warm, but the air was dry. At the station there were ruins where many thousands could be seated. The hotel was near, and had heavy curtains over the doors, and many palms in the interior, with a manager who spoke English well — a great treat in a foreign land.

After breakfast we took a carriage and drove to the post office, past fountains and houses, and in narrow streets, out into the dusty country road to St. Paul, outside the walls. The exterior gives no suggestion of the beauty within; for the forest of white pillars and the marble floor give a chaste appearance, unseen in any other basilica.

We drove to the St. Calixta Catacombs, and found in the little house two priests, genial and humorous, notwithstanding their gloomy surroundings. I wonder if they ever heard of

Mark Tapley? We took lighted wax tapers, and threw course shawls over our shoulders, and went down into the coolness and darkness, where the early Christians met to worship, and were buried. Their bones lie here in stone niches, and some in glass cases, where the inscriptions indicate a royal or notable personage. How changed and how glorious is this century compared to that time. The promises are to those who overcome; theirs is the glory, the comfort is ours. Their favorite hymns must have been such as "Arise, shine, for the Light is come," "Stand up for Jesus," "Rejoice," "Hallelujah," and all those of energy, hope, and radiance. Our life of ease makes attractive such hymns as "Art thou weary, art thou languid," etc. The time for heroic Christianity is past.

From this gloom we drove to the Caracalla baths, a sensible expenditure it was in those old Romans; and one could wish they were now in running order, and filled with natives. Coins and antiques are for sale everywhere; and if they are old or new, what is the difference, they were bought at the proper places, and have the proper appearance. The roadway was dusty. The pine trees grew, or were trimmed to look, like

umbrellas. Clematis ran over fences and on the ground, its starry flowers always conspicuous. We walked on the Appian Way, that aid to civilization, by making easy progress from one place to another.

The Palace of the Cæsars: we read in the Bible of the power of that family, holding not only persons, but nations, in their hands, and know of the magnificence of their houses; and now see the few stones, not one left upon the other, of what is shown as their palace, to-day. The only thing remaining is their place in history, and that is a great deal. In sight of these ruins is St. Peter's Cathedral, the largest church in the world, with its plaza and approach of pillars, its dome so high and large, its precious paintings and sculpture, its stained glass and relics, that it takes the book of the Revelation and St. John the Divine to describe it. St. Peter, who was persecuted and martyred, is alive to-day, all over the world. He is read and preached; he is hope and comfort and strength. His house is magnificent; the Cæsars are in ruins.

The Arch of Constantine is keeping its good name in good repair. The Temple of Vesta is a classical building, and the bridge across the

Tiber is modern. The Vatican has a plain appearance on the outside, but its interior is full of wonders and marvels. Some of the gardens are beautiful, as they should be, for tropical plants grow here without difficulty. The Pantheon is a well preserved relic, and the burial place of Raphael, who is alive to-day in his Sistine Madonna in Dresden.

But the Coliseum, so sublime and dignified in its ruin, stands alone, different and useless, except in its lessons of power and martyrdom. The number of men, the amount of material in this building, seem beyond comprehension. Its use was not for the advancement of mankind, only in the inhuman way out of this world; and it now only stands, an imposing relic of past sacrifices.

The outside of the Quirinal is plain; the view through the open gates shows flower beds, shrubbery, and the ever present Roman soldiers.

The Church of St. John the Lateran, has an attractive cloister and garden with roses in bloom; the attendant giving one to me, which I have pressed, to call to remembrance all these charming experiences. This Cathedral has as much of interest as St. Peter's, for the Popes

are here consecrated, and its works of art so valuable as to be priceless. The bronze doors are musical as they open and shut; and Wagner might have had a motive from them, for their airs were not Italian.

In the chapel adjoining we kneeled our way up the sacred stairs; and such a tiresome way it was, that I do not wonder that Luther got mad, and was inspired, or vice versa, to think that there were other ways of worship than to expend ones strength for that which did not accomplish anything but great fatigue. I bought a New Testament, in memory of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; a specific attention, that increases in value as the years roll.

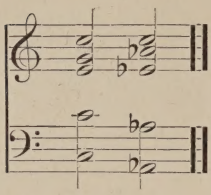
As we rode away on the train to the north, we saw ruins of the old Roman acqueduct finely outlined against the sky. Eucalyptus trees are in profusion along the railroad on the coast, and soon we began to see the olives and vines of the semi-tropical country. The grapes hung in green clusters from the vines that trailed in festoons from tree to tree. As soon as the Mediterranean is reached, and from that point to Genoa, the views are entrancing. There are one hundred and nine tunnels between Rome and Pisa; and

we were astonished at the amount of work on the railroad, as it wound its way along the sparkling blue water of the sea.

Enchanting Pisa?!

August 2, 1895.

The name of Pisa is enough to tell of the attraction of the place, but words do not give any idea of the beauty of the leaning tower, cathedral, and baptistry. We stepped up and around to the top of the former, looking up and down, out and in, backward and forward; and all the views were superb. That the leaning Tower of Pisa is the interrogation point of the whole world, as it is the exclamation point also, is no wonder to those who have seen it. The front of the cathedral is admirable; and the interior with its Michael Angelo, and the lamp whose swinging pendulum suggested ideas to Galileo, is rich in art and beauty. The baptistry has an old organ with wooden keys and eight pedals. The bellows worked by pulling two ropes. Expecting little or nothing, I played upon it a few chords;



and to my surprise the music pealed forth like a diapason. This is partly owing to the echo that rolls around in perfect triads of harmony, and melodiously dies away.

I went into a market for fruit, and as the word passed around among the keepers of stalls, that there was an American, I became an object of interest. Some of them may have had relatives who had emigrated to our land.

The ride from here to Genoa is one of a series of exquisite pictures. The elegant villas with palms and tropical plants, oleanders in full bloom, hedges of century plants in bloom, the sage green of the olive trees on the hills, the grape vines in profusion, the arches over the rocks where the way of the railroad has been cut, the deep blue sea lapping the beach with gentle ripples, the foam dashing against the rocks, the Italian sky, the cool breezes — all combined to make an enchanting ride.

Genoa is a commercial city, and is interesting

to us, by being the birthplace of Columbus; and Americans never feel more like honoring his name, than when traveling in a far country.

The women along the railroads raise the signals for the trains. Sometimes the supposable husbands stand in the doorways, and once he was doing the family wash. The women on the continent, as seen from car windows, have much outdoor exercise and many games; but they are played with rakes, hoes, and plows, with the help of dogs and cows hitched up in the fashionable tandem manner. Children drive flocks of geese, and they all walked together in a sober and friendly way.

Marvelous Milan.

August 3, 1895.

Milan is noted, like so many other places, for its cathedral; but beside that, it is a really pleasant place, with good houses and parks, and a spirit of appreciation; for they have erected a statue of Leonardo di Vinci, whose painting of the Last Supper is in one of the churches. There are two arcades crossing, with open ends; a convenient place, that gives the feeling of an entire umbrella raised for sunshine or storm. In

such a place shopping could be done in all kinds of weather, if the necessaries were combined.

From that useful place, the front and side of the cathedral could be seen and studied. The amount of time and material, money and men, brains and skill, art and science, to build such a church seems appalling. The interior is grand and gloomy, with enormous pillars and a large organ, and an illuminated shrine, several feet down, around which people were kneeling.

What a comfort this Roman Catholic theology seems to be to the masses. Old men and women before some altar, or picture, or statue; young girls with anxiety on their upturned faces, perhaps in trouble with their young men, asking the Virgin or some saint to help them; others radiant, giving thanks for what they have received — a bethrothal ring perhaps. The hopes and desires, despairs and regrets, can all be helped by these outward and visible signs.

The Alps pierced.

August 3, 1895.

The pass of St. Gothard is a marvel of engineering skill through the Alps,— the railroad curves and loops, falls and rises, goes through

helicoidal tunnels and over arches. It is wonderful for its great work and the beauty of the scenery — waterfalls hundreds of feet high, dashing into spray, gorges with rushing water, trees, with here and there a meadow on which cows graze. The little Swiss chalets, the very green grass, the cliffs above and below, with occasional peaks covered with eternal snow, give instantaneous views of beauty, sublimity, and grandeur.

History throws light on many financial problems of panics and booms. When the Romans built the acqueducts, Appian Way, palaces and coliseum, men, material, and money were used in numbers and quantity. That made good times. After that, until the cathedrals were built, the situation was probably dull. These magnificent structures, employing all kinds of material and labor, both skilled and unskilled, stimulated commerce ; for the world must have been called upon to contribute, and times must have been good.

In this century has come railroad building, employing countless numbers of men, the best civil and mechanical engineering ability of all countries, and also the use of all kinds of mate-

rial. This one pass of St. Gothard has cost millions of money. The Mt. Cenis has placed millions more in circulation. Our own great railroad systems, across the continent, have stimulated every industry; and the widening circles have benefited the whole world.

But now the railroads are built, and what we are pleased to call hard times is here; merely the rest between a very active period, and another that will probably come. For the epoch of electricity is here, and when the Alps have not been a barrier to any commerce, and Niagara is harnessed, there should come to all a good living and a good education.

Many of the natives have feathers or some kinds of fur on their hats, presumably showing their prowess in hunting.

Some tourists are wishing to see the Southern Cross, while in Rome, but they will not be gratified, for on the equator I have seen its brilliant beauty flashing, just on the horizon.

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Republic of Switzerland.

Lucerne and Brünig Pass.

August 4, 1895.

We landed in Lucerne for over Sunday, and have a pleasant room, with the blue lake, the snow clad mountains, the Rigi and Pilatus, all in view by turning the eyes. Tourists go and come, and do not mind the weather. We cross the curious old bridges, and see the pictures of the dance of death, which is real; for he is always with us, and must be good, for all must die. We attended the cathedral with the two pointed spires, and saw the devout take the holy water and distribute among the family from fingers to fingers. The *table d'hote* entertains all nationalities, — the Germans seeming to be more polite by bowing before sitting down to the table.

We left Lucerne on the fifth, and took an ordinary railroad for some distance; then the train was cut in twain, and we went up the mountain on a rack road to the summit, and came down in the same manner. The ascent was gradual, with cultivated valley farms growing small

in the distance; the rocks and cliffs above us; tall beech trees, which seemed to grow out to the light; views of mountains in all directions, green, gray, and white, with foaming cascades, some falling from the top to the valley. We passed clustered and scattered Alpine houses, wild flowers, pink eupatorium, bluebells, hypericum, sedum, gerardia, wild carrot, maple trees, balsams, vines, and mosses — some of them so near the car that it was possible to pick them in passing. Raspberries and strawberries were ripe, and there was a profusion of nature up and down and around.

After reaching the valley we took the steamer *Obenwald*, on Lake Brienz, and went to Interlachen, entirely walled in by the Alpine range, with all the colors of the different altitudes. The ride from there to Berne was through a succession of Alpine views, and all of them sublime.

The Capital of Switzerland.

August 6, 1895.

In Berne we had the glorious view of the snowy Bernese Alps, occupying about twenty

degrees, and the Jungfrau conspicuous. The Alpine glint graciously tinged them with yellow, then pink; and the full moon silvered them in radiant beauty. A walk around the town shows that it is quaint, with arcades, bears, a cathedral, and a clock that has the hour struck by a bronze man. The sun, moon, and earth were figured in their relative positions, and many collected to see the mechanism work at nine o'clock. In the public gardens were growing bananas — a curious sight for this tropical plant — with the snowy Alps in view.

The railroad ride to Geneva was through Freiburg, with large academic buildings, Lausanne with its extended view and castle of the thirteenth century; and there were vineyards on hillsides and in valleys. Little steamers came and went; tourists did the same. We reached Geneva at noon, where our room overlooked the lake at our feet and Mt. Blanc in the distance.

Geneva would be taken for a city of watches and jewelry, even if it was not known to have many manufactories of these articles; for the streets are lined with shops for their sale. We went to the Botanical Gardens, the labels being high and convenient. The university, library

and museum front on the park, and also a picture gallery. It is a quiet and pleasant place. The river Rhone and Lake Geneva sparkle in the sunlight, yachts with two white wings like a butterfly come and go. The steamboats were well patronized by tourists. The square near the hotel had the expensive monument to Charles II., who gave so much money to the city; but there is no inscription, and the sight seer must inquire about it. The cathedral is ancient, but not remarkable.

Geneva.

August 7, 1895.

The ride from Geneva into France continues mountainous, the land unproductive, and the homes of the poor merely huts. After passing through a long tunnel, we descended to a valley; and there it was cultivated, — acres of grape vines, vegetables, and some fruit trees. We passed occasional towns, but none of the castles and palaces are in sight of the railroad. There were pastures with Alderney cattle, more than had been seen in any other country.

CHAPTER SIX.

France.

The Schneider Steel Works.

August 8, 1895.

To reach Le Creusot, we changed cars twice; once leaving the express for an accommodation train, and the other to take a branch to the noted steel works. One of their large buildings is near the station, and was brilliantly lighted. They manufacture some rails, armor plate, all kinds of sheet steel, and probably can make everything needed in iron and steel.

Their works are large and well kept. The hot metal rolls here and there; plates of steel are cut like paper, square or round. Traveling cranes carry the heavy ingots from place to place, and thousands of men are employed. A statue in the town, of the founder of these works, is represented by a figure of himself and a woman pointing him out to a boy, as a public benefactor.

The market is on the ground, and consists of everything from mushrooms, which you tell by the color, to cheese, that you know by the smell. A market man drove by and stopped,

taking off his apron and sack, and then drove along placidly, seeming in proper dress, after making his toilette in the street. The click of the wooden shoes on the children makes a singular noise, as they walk around, with bread made in large rings carried upon their arms.

These steel works are generally open to the public, and schools can profit by this opportunity. Coal is mined in the vicinity; in fact iron and coal seem to go together, and the ignoble metal is really the most useful and profitable.

The ride through France on the railroad is disappointing; for while there are vines, vegetables, and rows of Lombardy poplars trimmed up to look like long feather dusters, yet the villages were poor in appearance, and did not have an air of thrift. The women here have the same opportunity of playing croquet, tennis, and golf with the hoe, rake, spade, dogs, and cows, as they do in the other countries through which we have passed. I have discovered in the old world three new beasts of burden,—women, cows, and dogs; also two new desserts, green hazelnuts and almonds.

The Capital City of the Republic of France.

August 9, 1895.

We reached Paris at 5.30 P. M., and drove to our hotel. After dinner we walked to the Garden of the Tuileries, and entered upon enchanted views. Those who have seen its flowers, statuary, walks, trees, fountains, the Louvre, the river Seine, the bridges — can never forget its beauty; and those who have not, must fancy it. The air was mild, the river glistened, boats passed, the bridges were artistic, the view of the Champs Èlysèes and the Arc de Triomphe, the coming of the stars as night advanced, and the rising moon — all united in this one view, an entrancing picture, of which these words do not give any idea. The amount of money for all this must have been enormous, and must educate, so far as beauty can do.

Paris.

August 10, 1895.

The next day we drove around past the Madeleine through the Garden, and over Napoleon's bridge, past the houses in which La Place and Clemenceau lived and died. The hospitals occupy much space, and look old. The Hotel

des Invalides is conspicuous by its dome, and the Tour Eiffel is nearly always in view. The military school had some companies on parade and horses exercising. Many of the streets are very narrow and very busy. We passed the Tour of St. Jacques, the oldest architecture in the city, and useful besides for the experiments made in it on atmospheric pressure. The statue of the Republic is heroic in all senses, and from there we drove past the Bourse to our hotel.

In the afternoon we saw the column Vendome, elaborately sculptured, with a statue of Napoleon on its summit. The opera house is elegant, and noted for the different marbles, besides all the other desirable accessories. The hotels and shops in this vicinity are large and fine. In many windows is the legend "English spoken." Upon inquiry, that person is "out."

In the evening, at the hotel there was a small conducted party which seemed to enjoy itself; and some of the young ladies were shopping, even to the extent of losing a trip to Versailles and the Louvre. I saw some of them writing letters with guide books open before them. These parties are a necessity to those who wish to travel, but do not have languages and local-

ity to go alone. They have no care, and in that way lose all the pleasure, education, and rapture of seeing, hearing, and asking with ones own senses. They lose the joy and gratification of overcoming.

Notre Dame.

August 11, 1895.

Sunday we went to service at the Notre Dame. The same problem here confronts one, about the money and men to erect such a building. It must have taken millions of both. Artists and skilled labor must have been plenty. The row of the twenty-eight kings of Judah, the three doors surrounded by apostles, disciples, and prophets (one of them pathetically holding his head in his hand), all show the highest skill and labor. The enormous columns in the interior suggested those at Milan. The choristers came in, the priests intoned, and both organs played. The congregation was small. Two old women sat at the rolling gates, to collect the money for the seats. The Romanists never leave the offertory to the generosity of the parishioner, the price is fixed and paid. The gargoyles are frightful nondescripts, but useful as water spouts.

The Hotel Dieu, a literal house of God, for what could be more so than a hospital, is near the cathedral; and the statue of Pascal, on the Tour of St. Jacques, is in full view. We took an omnibus for our hotel; and as we had acquired the habit of riding to the terminus, we were surprised and delighted to go along the Place de la Concorde, past the Obelisk, the Palais of Industry, and the Palace of the Champs Èlysèes; the latter could not be seen, it was so surrounded by trees, shrubbery, and a wall.

We rode by the Arc de Triomphe, which is elaborately carved, and majestic in design. It is all imposing and impressive, beautiful and expensive. The view from here shows the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, the long avenues of trees, the exposition buildings, and fountains. It is all so attractive that the time, labor, and money used are not considered.

We rode to the Bois de Boulogne, and then took a funny little car to the Jardin d'Acclimation, very gay at the entrance, with colored flowers and foliage.

Our next ride was to the Bastille; and the sidewalks were filled with people sitting at little

tables, eating, drinking and making merry. We rode through boulevards, and past two stone arches.

Tour Eiffel.

August 12, 1895.

We boarded a little steamer on the Seine, and went to the Trocadero, built for the last exposition. The grounds are well kept, and have flower beds, a grotto, and fountain. The statues of animals are all fine, and represent them as enraged, and give the chance to show artistic action. We crossed the bridge and saw the really wonderful Tour Eiffel, a great success of engineering and labor. We went up to the second stage, and I do not see how any one could desire to go up higher. The view was extended, and the city lay before us like the map we carry for a guide. The towers of Notre Dame, the spire of St. Chapelle, the domes of the Pantheon and Invalides, the top of the Opera House, the green roof of the Madeleine, the Champs Èlysèes, the Bois de Boulogne — were all visible. The Seine wound its way around, crossed by its twenty-eight different styles of bridges, and the grass and flower beds beneath us looked like rich rugs.

The descent was as unpleasant as the ascent; the latter seemed as if the earth was moving away, and the former as though we might be swallowed. The captive balloon carries its passengers still higher. We rode from here to the Palais Royal, and walked in its gardens full of flowers, with a fountain and four large paulownia trees. How changed is all this from the days when it was a residence of kings.

Being near a tea-house, much liked by English speaking people, we went in and had some waffles and peach short-cake for a lunch. The Opera House is now open only three evenings a week, and all the tourists avail themselves of seeing its magnificence.

We drove to the Jardin des Plantes, a botanical and zoological garden, both useful and beautiful. From a slight hill, presumably made, I saw in the distance a large tree, so different from any other, that it came into my mind at once as a cedar of Lebanon, and when we walked to it, the label said it was, and also one hundred and sixty years old. The variety of trees here is large, peaches from China, ginkgoes from Japan, sophora, accacia, etc. The labels are high and easy to read, in contrast to

those in Cambridge, Mass., which are near the ground. There was a large piece of mahogany and many specimens of fossil woods. The masses with their children were on the seats, knitting, sewing, and gossiping, presumably with no conception of the interesting and valuable specimens around them.

We came back over the oldest bridge here, and on our way saw the fountain of St. Michael, the House of Archives, the Palais of Justice, with the spire of St. Chapelle rising from the interior. We also drove between the Notre Dame and the fearful morgue, and entered the old church of St. Germaine, whose bell tolled the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There is a clock inside, and on the tower a clock and thermometer. In this cathedral an old man held out to me a sort of wet brush, to which involuntarily I said, "*Non merci*," without any idea of its use. A devotee following, squeezed it, and crossed herself; so it was presumably holy water.

The Louvre.

August 13, 1895.

A showery day, which we used for a visit to the Louvre. We entered the room of ancient sculpture, and saw the Venus of Milo, familiar by reproductions. Some of the rooms are richly painted overhead, and the staircase leading to the gallery was quite classical. The paintings that adorned the walls were of all kinds, subjects, and artists. The Murillos were superb in coloring, and the historical series painted by Reubens for Henry IV. were brilliant. There were many copyists, both men and women; the latter, as usual, outnumbering the former, and with no personal appearance of artistic taste. One of them seemed to have taken a feather out of an old duster from an ash barrel, as a plume for her hat. The copies of all, as seen in passing, were excellent, and showed years of labor and desire, supplementing the gift from nature.

The room of treasures of gold and precious stones was richly decorated with gilding and paintings. The floors are quartered oak, and so slippery, that one slides instead of walks, that adds to the fatigue of seeing so much. Many of the people had guides, who rushed

them along, calling the names and attention to the especially noted paintings.

From here we went to the Madeleine, and saw the beautiful flower market surrounding it. Among the cut flowers of all kinds was a bouquet of golden rod. The potted plants had white paper around them, ready to carry home. The church is open in the afternoon, and as its architecture is Greek, the pillars are all on the outside. The altar is the most chaste and impressive of any I have seen; life size statues of Christ and some angels carved from white marble.

From this quiet sanctuary we drove to bedlam in the Bourse, a building of the same architecture, with outside Corinthian columns. The financial excitement was so great that the crowd surged and yelled, even to the pavement.

The city of Paris is surrounded by a railroad, that connects with all the stations. It takes the place of the elevated in New York, and the depressed in London, and is both ways. It has first and second class cars, the latter having seats on the top of some of the coaches. It passes the Bois de Boulogne, and must be a convenience, though it does not seem like rapid

transit. The city depends upon its omnibuses, which are usually crowded above and below. The drivers whip the horses, without any provocation, and the conductors seem indifferent to the comfort of passengers.

Some of the birds in the gardens are so tame, that they eat out of the hands of those who feed them; and even the gold fish in the basins will swim towards people, hoping for something to eat.

The people kiss on both cheeks, and it is amusing to see a party bidding farewell in a hurry at a railroad station. Each makes a sort of dab at the other's cheeks, and the result seems like a gymnastic performance.

The Palais du Luxembourg.

August 14, 1895.

A pleasant day, which adds to sight seeing, and we start for the Palace of Luxembourg. This is very large, surrounded by a beautiful garden, flower beds in full bloom, large trees, some maples trimmed in a square form, and sycamores growing naturally. On one side is a fountain, erected in 1620, the year the Pilgrims landed, so that gives some idea of the

magnificence of Henry IV. and Marie de Medici at that time. The building is now owned by the republic; we went through it, and into the senate chamber, very much like the one in Washington, lighted from the dome, with a red carpet and leather covered chairs. The walls of the reception room are decorated with tapestries, paintings, frescoes, and gilding, as is also the bedroom of the queen. This had a fireplace, with two outside windows, opening into the flower beds. The doors were paneled with mirrors. The woodwork was of oak, as also the floor. How much history has been in these rooms, and what a fearful outlook from one of the windows, when Marshal Ney was shot. Napoleon I. had a council room here, and many of them are used for different state purposes.

The museum adjoining is open to the public, filled with attractive and distinguished modern statues and paintings. Many of them were being well copied by busy artists. It was curious to notice the different styles of the students, landscapes, figures, animals, historical, theological, and floral — all had their specialists.

The Pantheon is another elaborate and conspicuous church, without any seats, but plenty of pillars, pictures, and statuary; and the effect is fine. Four large pictures commemorate Joan of Arc, from the sheep to the stake. The frescoes are very bright, and the carvings over the door are allegorical. Through all the turmoil of war, successions, and changes, art has been encouraged; the Bible, history, and mythology have given the subjects. Very few old landscapes are painted, and then only as a a background to the figures.

The Hotel Cluny, the antique of the city, is a most interesting place, and can give students many ideas for designs in iron, pottery, embroidery, and glass. The wood carvings of boxes, chairs, tables, cabinets, and the bedstead of the king, are admirable, and showed the artistic sense and patience of the workmen of those earlier centuries. The relics of the baths remind one of Rome, and the old wall and gothic arches are in great contrast to the modern city of Paris. In the evening we walked up the Faubourg St. Honoré, and saw in among the trees and through the gate the palace, now the home of the president, whoever he may be.

France seems to have had more vicissitudes than any other country — kings and queens of all lines of descent, commune, wars at home and abroad, victories, defeats, and now, best and highest of all, a Republic.

The Extravagance of Louis XIV.

August 15, 1895.

We started for Versailles on the day of the Assumption, and that may be the reason why so many people were going there, or it may be every pleasant day. The palace is immense, three stories high, and rambling over acres of ground. The central part is of brick and stone, and the chapel looks as if more recently built. The court of the entrance has heroic statuary of men who deserve it. A guard or guide took us up the stairs, into the magnificent rooms, the high vaulted ceilings painted by artists, the sides also covered with historical paintings and portraits, mirrors and gilding. The long large rooms were simply as superb and gorgeous as time, money, artists, and architects could make them. The views from the windows were enchanting. On one side conventional flower beds, on another shrubbery; at one end a view

of fountains, large trees and statuary, with a parallelogram of water in the distance. All of this enormous outlay was for the personal gratification of a few, an entire disregard for the common people. But now it is open to whomsoever will come, both palace and grounds. One sarcasm of time, that the Emperor of Germany was crowned King of Prussia in the room of glass, where a portrait of Madame Maintenon hangs upon the wall. It fulfills the Bible, where the wicked were in great power, but now they are gone.

The money expended in Paris and surroundings is so enormous as to be priceless. It has created beauty, and given employment. It is better than to support standing armies, equip forts with guns, or build vessels for war. But these are days of civilization, arbitration, and Christianity, where wise counsels and good judgment should prevail; where education should be the inheritance and advantage of every child. Instead of that, soldiers are everywhere, gun manufactories are busy, and the unkingly ambition of selfish rulers can stain with blood the fair lands that should be the pure inheritance of all men; for all men are the sons of God.

Paris to Havre.

August 16, 1895.

We left Paris from the St. Lazare Station, and rode through Rouen, winding around the town through a tunnel, and having two good views of the noted cathedral.

The railroad from Paris to Havre has the roughest track of any over which we have traveled. We really pounded our way, instead of rolled, and were in a first class carriage, well upholstered.

Havre is a pleasant seaport town, with a pretty park and flower market adjoining.

We took the French line steamer *Champagne*, and sailed over the bar at 6 A.M., August 17, and then waited for the mail. The passage was good, some wind, fog, rain, and three fine days.

We reached quarantine at midnight, in sight of the electric lights of the magnificent city of New York, with the constellations of Orion, Castor, and Pollux and the Great Bear on the horizon. In the early morning the custom house officials boarded the steamer, from their tug, by climbing a ladder, when both were in motion.

We landed in the early morning, August 25, and the English language was music to our

ears although we were grateful for the French and German that had been so useful in all of our travels on the Continent. We could read, speak, and understand enough of both, to go any place without courier or guide.

We found every one well, everything safe; and with increasing thanks and pleasant memories, our marvelous journey ends.

To the opening sentence of your letter of welcome, "Glory to God in the highest," I will add the "Nunc dimittis." The lost chord in the music of this sphere over which we have rolled is, that I can never inherit the glorious "golden eye" and ear that Michael Angelo offered to St. Lucy.

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

O FEB 24
C MAR 25
SEP 18
M APR 28
M. OCT 22
J OCT 10
J AUG 27
K APR 6
S. OCT 19
OCT 17
S. JUL 28
NOV 25
MAY 21
K SEP 24
S APR 20
W. FEB 10
K MAR 30
M.R APR 29
OCT 24